

RISHMA DUNLOP

Somewhere, a Woman is Writing a Poem

Somewhere, a woman is writing a poem
as she tucks her child into bed,
bends over her desk in the yellow lamplight, frees her hand
to write, breaking through the page like that Dorothea Tanning

painting where the artist's hand gashes through the canvas,
fingers and wrist plunged to the bone.
She writes a dark, erotic psalm, an elegy,
a poem to grow old in, a poem to die in.

Somewhere, a woman is writing a poem,
as she gives away the clothes of her dead loved ones,
as her words rise in her mind, rosaries of prayer for the dying children,
for the ones who have disappeared, the *desaparecido*.

Somewhere, a woman is writing through the taste
of fear and rage and fury. She writes in milk and blood.
Somewhere, a woman who thought she could say nothing
is writing a poem.